

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



FORT MARION AND THE SEA-WALL.

STEPHEN MITCHEL:

A FLORIDA STORY.

CHAPTER II.

It was a fortunate morning for my rose gathering. Generally, unless you are early, or some of the usual Southern languor has overtaken in an unusual degree the enthusiastic gardener, you will find the choicest flowers already sold, but to-day here they

were in their full glory, and I could choose at my own sweet will. So the bunch I collected was enough to cure a common invalid, as I have already said, and I retraced my steps, happy in my success.

Just inside the gates are some of the oldest and most ruinous houses of the city. These are mainly inhabited by the Minorcans, of whose coming to the city most pathetic stories are told. A colony had been beguiled from their home by promises of the most flattering kind made to them by some Spanish

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

adventurer, but when he had them fairly landed in the new world, separated from all their friends and entirely at his mercy, he changed his tactics, and not only reduced them to the hardest kind of personal slavery, but subjected them to a religious persecution so severe as almost to annihilate them. From this they at last rebelled, made their way to the city of St. Augustine, which had then passed out of Spanish hands, and here, until this day, going about the streets peeping at you in a shy, frightened way from their open doors and windows, they seem, with their sad faces, to be for ever uttering a mournful protest over the perfidy that destroyed them. Living in these dilapidated coquino houses, they are like the human part of a great ruin, with, however, little of the interest which attaches itself to wood and stone.

In one of these houses, where a broken second-storey verandah dipped in most singular but not unpicturesque way, I was attracted by a fluttering window-curtain. It seemed to have been hastily pulled aside, the breeze catching and lifting it as it swung, and thus giving me an unexpected view of its interior. Close beside it, white and more hungry-eyed than before, sat my sick man! Had he lifted the curtain to see me? Could I—should I—stop and toss him a rose?

To gather them for him had been the object of my walk, and yet, with opportunity opened so suddenly, I hesitated; I even took a few steps forward, but quickly returning, I walked directly to the window, and choosing my largest and finest cloth-of-gold rose, I held it towards him.

"There are no roses in the world finer than these, I believe," I said. "Will you share mine with me? Indeed," blundering out the truth, as I saw he hesitated, "I brought them purposely for you."

The colour, which had come quickly over his face, faded as quickly, leaving it so deathlike, it almost seemed to me, as he put out his hand to take the rose I offered, I should touch the cold hand of a corpse. Then came a smile, a singularly sweet smile, gentle and tender—a smile that never comes to a face where the heart is not in unison. It is wonderful this language, this truth-telling language of a smile. One who observes carefully seldom need mistake it.

"I thank you very, *very* much," he said, in a low, husky voice; just the voice I expected to hear from his bent chest and pale lips. "It is so beautiful!"

I wanted to give him all my roses. I wanted to make that dingy old Minorcan room in which he sat suddenly bloom out into the brightness of my peerless flowers, but I knew it would not do; you can so often share a luxury when the entire gift would become an impertinence. I wanted, too, to stop and talk with him. I wished to ask: Was he comfortable?—did he, sick as he was, have all or even a part of what he needed?—was he alone?—would he not come to our cheerful house, into which we had succeeded in bringing some of the look of our Northern homes?—was there anything I could do for him? But instead of all, or, indeed, of a part of this, I only added the tiny cream-coloured flower I had picked for him from the wall, and suggested that its locality might make it a pleasant gift to some one, sent in a letter. Then abruptly, but it seemed to me necessarily, I turned away, and a few minutes after astonished my husband by bursting into our parlour with, "I've found him, and given him the finest rose I ever saw!"

"It rather belongs to me to know whom you have found, and why this great exultation on account of giving him the finest rose you ever saw," was the answer I received from over a pile of books.

"Why, it's that sick young man, you know. If you had seen him as I did, you would feel as I do," I went on.

"Perhaps no one can precisely predicate a state of feeling until it has been at least once tried, but perhaps you will condescend to explain a little more fully."

I did, but just this kind of sympathy was too often in demand here for the supply to be always forthcoming; so I put my roses in our vases in a most dignified silence, thinking, however, in the meantime, of the pleasure that one was giving.

A few of those happy, busy days which one dreams away in Florida passed now, and I neither saw nor heard of, nor—I may as well confess it—thought much of my sick man. Perhaps I had a half-acknowledged feeling that I had done all I could—indeed, more than many would have thought necessary for the comfort of an entire stranger—so I dropped back into the old life, of which he made no part or parcel, and went my way forgetfully.

One afternoon, at about half-past five, we strolled out, as was our wont, down to the sea-wall, that offers such a fascinating promenade, with its clean granite walk, lifting you far above the deep sand that everywhere else clogs your steps. This is a Government affair, built to protect the town from the overflows of the tide, which at times have proved very destructive. Rising sheer from the water's edge, where at high tide it offers a firm breastwork, over which the sea must take a wonderful flow to leap, and, curving as it does with the undulations of the shore, it has a picturesqueness tempting you to a stroll. It runs, too, from the old barracks to the old fort, either of which will repay a visit. We never tired of sitting on this wall, looking at the long, low, stone house that rambles off into offices, with quaint arched doorways, hanging coquino windows, uniformed men on stately balconies, and fluttering flags. Compared with a European military post there was nothing grand or imposing; but for us, who run more to peace than to war, the long array of cannons with their neat canvas covers, the sentinels pacing with their measured steps to and fro, the camp with the white tent and the soldiery sauntering about everywhere, had in them a kind of holiday show which was quite enjoyable. But if this show failed of majesty, there was something in the old grey fort that made ample amends. Built some time in the sixteenth century, it occupies a position, not only commanding, but with an eye to the unique you would hardly have expected in the old barbarians (I was about to write) who built it. It stands just where it can defend both sea and land, as a good fort should, and with the old gate, of which it is part, makes a picture the like of which is not to be seen again on American soil. It is in the form of a square, or trapezium. In the salient angles of the bastions are four turrets. The moat is fortified by an internal barrier, and there is an outer wall which extends around the whole, following its various flexures. "When it was owned by the English," says an ancient chronicler, "it was called the prettiest fort in the king's dominion."

If one came to visit it for the first time who had been in Ehrenbreitstein, the comparison would not

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be in its favour. The swell of land on which it stands would hardly seem a molehill, and its half dismantled condition would ill suggest the ramparts of that noted place; still, even Ehrenbreitstein is not more enjoyable. The old drawbridge, the grass-grown moat, the dark-grey crumbling coquino walls, with running vines and tufts of tiny flowers to make them glad, the broad ramparts with the Florida sun warming, and the Florida sky smiling above them; the rush and beat against the old fort of the still older waves—make the place just the one to drop down into when the day is spent and “the shades of night,” in the language of the old hymn, “are drawing near.” To add to its other attractions, there were there then, and they are there now, about seventy Indians, who were taken prisoners of war, and in the May preceding this December of which I write were marched into this fort, handcuffed for safe keeping. They only wore, many of them, broad girdles about their waists, and in their long black hair were braided the scalps of the white people they had murdered. It seemed hardly possible that in the nineteenth century, in a cultivated, Christian land like America, so lost debased human beings could be found; and I am happy to record that the change which a six months’ residence had made in them was also one of the marvels of this same century. As we went towards the fort to-night, Fort Marion it is called, we met some of those Indians, dressed in the full uniform of the United States service, with their long hair, their former pride and glory, gone; and as they passed us on the narrow sea-wall, each man lifted his cap as easily and as gracefully as any soldier would have done.

On the drawbridge Indians with loaded muskets patrol day and night. In short, they now wholly defend themselves, commanded by a captain and corporal of our regular army. The readiness they have shown to come under military laws, and the willingness to avail themselves of any instruction offered, is simply wonderful. They are fast learning to read and write, are constant and well-behaved attendants on the various religious services in the different churches of the town, and during the week-time are so industrious that many of them are accumulating and storing quite large sums of money. The only way in which they are made to feel that they are prisoners is in being called to answer the roll at night, and in having the locks turned upon them in the barracks where they sleep.

To-day, as we approached the fort, we saw crowds in and around it, and I recalled that it was archery day. This was in truth nothing but a farce; a few young ladies, for the sake of killing time, had hired some of the Indians to give them lessons in the use of the bow-and-arrow. Of course many, also with plenty of time to kill, came to see the sport. There was nothing in it, however, to detain us, so we walked around the fort to a place usually very retired, where we thought we could be alone. As we came in sight of one seat we found it already occupied, and I had no difficulty in recognising at once my sick friend. The informality of such a place and meeting seemed to give me the right first to smile and bow, and then to address him somewhat in the manner of an old acquaintance.

“I am glad to see you able to be here,” I said; “this soft sea-air must be the very thing to give you strength; it is so different from what we find in New England.”

He had partly risen when I first spoke to him, but, either from diffidence or weakness, he sank immediately back upon his seat, a dull colour creeping slowly over his face. I thought for a moment he was not going to answer me, then he asked, “Are you from New England?”

“Yes, from Boston—the hub of the universe, you know.”

“I am a Massachusetts boy too,” he said.

And I liked his saying boy instead of man, so I looked more closely at him; he seemed quite young, hardly more than twenty-two, I thought, as I said, “Then we are compatriots; we must see more of each other. May I ask, have you a good boarding-place?”

“I have the best one I could find,” he answered, readily, “for the money I can pay. They do as well as they can.”

“That means they give you their tough Florida beef and hominy. Do you have good bread?”

“I never have any; it’s biscuits they call them, but I really think they are bullets.”

Then we both laughed, and in our laugh came a little nearer together. I sat down by him, and we talked on about the prospect before us—the sun having sunk low enough now in the horizon to flood the sea with an iridescent light that transfigured where it fell about the old fort, with whose history he was better read than we were—about the present prisoners within the fort, and the uncertain future before them. And on whatever topic we spoke I found him intelligent and communicative. We spent a half hour there pleasantly together, and as we rose to leave he said, “Thank you again for that beautiful rose; you don’t know what a comfort it has been to me.”

So he did recognise me; I had been in doubt about it, and was pleased to find myself not forgotten. I said, “When you are better we will come for you and go to the garden where I found it together. How far can you walk now?”

“This is my longest walk,” he said, again colouring slightly; “I take shorter ones week by week. At first I could go about everywhere, now I seem to myself to crawl rather than walk.”

“Don’t be discouraged,” I said, with brave voice, to which my heart was far from echoing, “you have not been here long enough to have found much good; it takes time to heal a sickness as severe as yours. But I have seen as sick people, after months of residence here, go home well.”

“Well!” he repeated, with an emphasis that went to my heart.

“Yes, well; there is healing in every breath of an air like this; only compare it with what you have been used to in New England; they have snow there ten feet deep at this very moment, when we are sitting so comfortably without any wraps out-of-doors. And then the sea! If you are born in Massachusetts you know how thick that is to-day. Just look at the water here, will you?” I said, pointing my finger out at sea, where the little waves were breaking into opals as they rose and fell.

“I didn’t mean to complain,” he said, despondingly; “I am disappointed, there is no use in my attempting to conceal it; I hoped to be almost well before this;” and then a sudden, severe attack of coughing began, during which we stood by, utterly unable to afford any relief.

It was not long. When it was over he rose slowly. My husband put his arm about him and helped him

for a few steps, but as soon as he could walk alone he drew himself away and tottered on. Evidently he did not wish to be pitied, or even observed, so, after a hasty good-night, we left him, and, without turning our heads to look after him, we went home.

"Poor fellow!" I said, "his days are numbered. I wonder who he is, and where he came from, and if there are not friends who ought to be informed of his condition. I wish we could do something for him."

"The kindest thing we can do," my friend answered, "seems to be to leave him to himself. Didn't you notice that while you were very communicative about yourself and your affairs, he was very reticent? I wondered at the audacity with which you questioned him. If a man did such a thing he would be considered impertinent. Take my advice, and if he wants you in the future let him come to you. There is a story about him which he does not incline to disclose."

"Nevertheless," I said, stubbornly, "I shall look after him; it is heathenish to leave him to himself."

The post-office in St. Augustine occupies a room in what was once the governor's palace. It is a long, low, rambling building, built of the inevitable grey coquina, with little architectural pretension and some quaint beauty. You can never approach it without feeling you have taken a step out of the present into the past, and that from its arched windows and doorways ghosts are nodding to you. There is a little yard on one side of it, with a few old trees scattered over it, and a pure greensward struggling for life with the deep sand.

At present it is used only for public purposes, libraries, reading-rooms, schools, and law-offices; and it has a little of the stuck-up look modern innovations are so apt to impart, like an old lady bedizened in velvets and lace ruffs; but after all you want once a day to pass by it, to stop and look it well over, perhaps to go inside, and after you have taken your letters, to search after something of greater value, which you may or may not find, according to your mood.

A few evenings after our twilight visit to the old fort, I followed the stage home to the office; letters did not always come at that hour, but who, absent from home, ever missed the chance? The usual crowd gathered, took what belonged to them, separated, and then I leisurely presented my claim. There was nothing for me, and I was turning disappointedly away, when these words from an old black woman, who was standing before the delivery window, arrested me:

"It's Mas' Stephen Mitchel, you aint done got none for him?"

"Stephen Mitchel, Stephen Mitchel!" repeated the postmaster, "Yes, here are two for him. They have been here more than a week, tell him."

"Dat so! Now, now, dat most too bad, he any most die, he want um so bad."

"Why didn't he come for them, then?"

"Come for them, so! so! he never come for um no more," with a slow, solemn wag of her bright turbaned head; "he dat sick he come no more."

"Going to die, is he?" asked the postmaster, carelessly; "I hope his friends are with him; I saw he looked as if coming to Florida was the day after the fair for him."

"Going to die, dat sure," wagged the old negress; "he cough drefful bad. No use, Florida can't cure

um; when God calls must go; too late to cure him even with dese," waving too small ladylike-looking letters in her scrawny hand. "He got no friends here, he goin' for to die by he self. I does all I can, but it aint any use, can't bring him back; when God calls must go." And with a little noise, half-grunt, half-groan, by which the negroes express an emotion, she was hobbling out, when I stopped her.

"Who's sick, auntie?" I asked (all the elderly negroes like to be addressed either as uncle or auntie).

"Mas' Steve Mitchel," she answered, curtseying.

"And where does Mas' Steve Mitchel board?"

To my surprise she told me the house where I had seen the sick young man, and a few words more with her left me no doubt he was "Mas' Steve."

"Tell him," I said, "that you have met a lady who is coming to see him to-night; tell him it is the lady who talked with him at the fort. Don't forget, now, auntie!"

"Thank you, missis, I shan't forget, I too glad; it's drefful to see him dere all alone dying, and no one to say he sorry. The folk where he board, they good 'nuf, they do their best, but they no comfort; he wants"—with a dimming of her sparkling, black eye—"some one dere to say he sorry for him, dat's what he wants."

"We all want sympathy when we're sick," I answered. "I shall not fail to come." Then I stood still and watched the negress go gliding through the narrow street, with that supple, graceful motion which age seems so little to affect.

"He could have a worse nurse," I said; "she'll be faithful and tender, and sympathetic too, or her eye wouldn't have grown dim. It must be Aunt Theresa whom I have heard of as a person to care for the sick. I am so glad she is with him."

Waiting for an hour in order to give him time to read his letters and enjoy them, I then walked slowly down towards the city gates. I knew his name now, and had a feeling of introduction to him, which made any offer of service on my part a more natural and proper thing; yet I hesitated as I came in sight of the ruined old house. He surely could have sent for me, had he wished to see me; suppose he should consider my coming an intrusion? Well, even then, I was not obliged to stay; an inquiry for him would not injure him. I knocked half-timidly on the sunken door, and in a moment Aunt Theresa opened it, welcoming me with her show of shining ivories and her odd little curtsy.

"Can Mr. Mitchel see me?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am; he might sit up; walk in."

What a desolate hall! What a desolate poor room! I stopped involuntarily as I entered it. An old bedstead, with a dingy, dark bed spread, and some torn mosquito netting for covering. Two curiously-awkward chairs, with broken flag seats, and a table supported by innumerable legs; walls streaked with the rains and mildews of centuries; a floor half of coquina and half of splintered boards, and a young man trying to rise out of one of these chairs, pale as the dead, with great hollows in his cheeks, and eyes that seemed to turn into me; these were what I saw as I entered. He smiled and held his hand towards me. But what a ghastly smile! Even now, while I write, it haunts me.

"I am utterly indignant at you," I said, trying to hide my feelings under a brusque manner, "for not

having sent me word that you were not so well. I thought it was a bargain between us. How is it?"

"I am very glad to see you," he said, trying to draw the heavy old chair towards me.

"Sit down," I said, decidedly. "Now, Mr. Mitchel, I have come to look after you; and unless you send me away—*make me go*—I am intending to take your case thoroughly in hand. Do I frighten you?"

"A little," he answered, the colour coming slightly into his face. "I am trying to—"

"To what?" I asked, as he hesitated.

"To learn to live alone," he continued. "I think it's the hardest thing I ever tried to accomplish."

"No sick person should attempt it," I said, decidedly. "When one is ailing, he should be under orders. For instance, you are sitting just where the breeze from that window blows over your back; I never allow an invalid to do so; turn your face towards it. Yes"—as he moved his chair—"that is right. Even this Florida air is death in drafts, and life in the position you have taken. May I ask, have you seen a physician lately?"

"No," he answered, with a scarcely perceptible shudder. "I have too great a dread of what I should hear."

"You would hear something quite different from what a Northern doctor would tell you," I said, trying to speak encouragingly. "Suppose you send for one, or let me speak to one as I go home. They know all the ins and outs of the life here, and would prescribe remedies suitable to the climate."

"I never thought of that," he said, a gleam of hope suddenly illuminating his face. "When a man's sent to Florida because he can't live if he stays at the North, he may as well bring his coffin with him."

"Nonsense! that's no way to get well. Do you want to?"

I never could tell what made me ask the question, but it was out before I was aware of it, and he answered at once, "No, I wouldn't give a straw to—"

"That's it; that's exactly what I expected to hear you say. Well, in that case, it is a pity you didn't bring your coffin with you; it would have saved trouble and expense."

This I said with a broad smile, and his answering smile was immediate. "Perhaps," I went on, "as you have made the mistake, it would be as well now for you to try and get well, so not to need it. You want a room into which the sun comes all day long, and these delicious Southern sea-breezes. I don't think you ever see the sun here; and as for the sea, you might as well be in the Everglades."

"It is the best I could find for the money I have," he said, quickly. "My means are very small."

"I will look for a room at the same price, with these added advantages," I answered. "Perhaps it will answer instead of a doctor. We will try it first. Here's Aunt Theresa; she knows every house in the city, and can send me at once to the very place, can't you, Aunt Theresa?"

"Nudder time," said the negress, glancing uneasily over her shoulder towards a half-open door. "Nudder time; town, you see, dat full now; can't find um so 'asy."

"But another time won't do, Aunt Theresa," I said. "When a person is sick everything has to be done now."

"Yes, ma'am;" and Aunt Theresa caught up a tumbler and disappeared through the open door, shutting it close behind her.

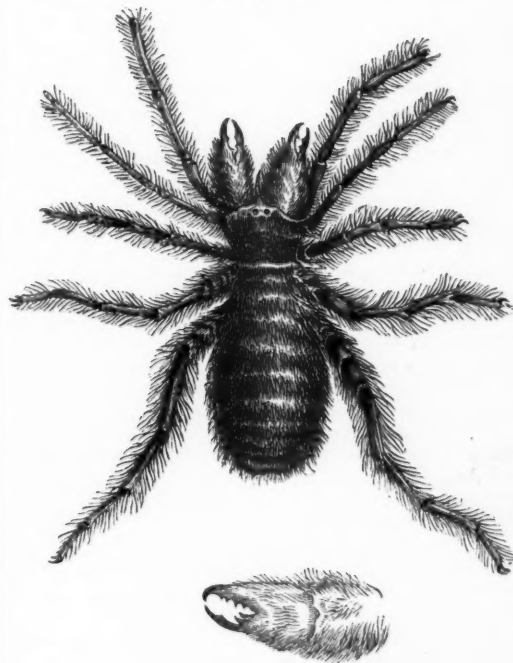
There was a little laugh in the room she had left, then I said, "It can't be helped; it is the first and the right thing to be done. I hope you have had nice letters from home to-day."

"They are not from home," he answered, I thought, coldly; "they were only business letters."

"Anything from the North is acceptable," I said, confusedly. "I am glad even to see a newspaper."

Not a word said he, only turned away his head and began to cough. Aunt Theresa came back, and, I thought, motioned for me to go away, so I went out softly. Only one thing had come of my visit—the conviction that the whole physique had become prostrated by some terrible strain upon it, mental or physical. "He is worried to death," I said to myself; "and as I don't know the cause, so, of course, I cannot use the remedy. His nervous system has given way. Well, so be it, there is more hope for him; at least, my cure of sun, sea-air, and a woman's care are in the right direction."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES FROM CYPRUS.



Ordinary size.

THE SCORPION SPIDER.

SO many accounts of this interesting island have appeared since the English flag was unfurled there, describing its beauty, its products, and natural resources, that perhaps a few words of warning to unsuspecting visitors as to some minor evils they may find lurking there may not be ill-timed. They may run some peril from a noxious insect, indigenous to Cyprus, the venomous bite of which

proves fatal in a few hours. It is called *Galéode* (*Galéode aranéide*), a name given to it by the celebrated traveller and naturalist, Olivier. The *galéode*, or *scorpion spider* (of which we give a drawing), seems to have been well known to ancient writers; in some striking peculiarities it approaches the species *phalanges*.

We will now describe it. Its aspect is formidable. The head seems lost in its cuirass, or corslet. The shape of both is like a truncated cone, the base of which is towards the front. In the middle of this anterior border is a black protuberance, in which are two diamond-shaped eyes; between them, and still more in front, two other raised swellings appear, which seem also to be eyes, or they may be only a thick puckered skin. To the portion of the body which serves as head and corslet, the antennæ are attached. Its mandibles, which are enormous in proportion to its size, arrest one's attention; their form is singular, meeting one against the other in the inside, hairy, in one piece each, and not jointed; each mandible is terminated by two brown, scaly claws, serrated underneath. Although examined under a strong lens, no aperture has been discovered from which poisonous fluid could exude (as is the case in the spider). It is nevertheless very certain that this insect is extremely poisonous, which would lead one to suppose that the aperture through which the venom escapes must be exceedingly minute, and that the poison must be of extraordinary activity, for the smallest quantity is sufficient to cause death. The arms, or antennæ, begin at the inferior part of its corslet; they are composed of a set of cylindrical articulations furnished with long bristling hair, and with serrated edges. The legs differ essentially from the arms, possessing two or three extra articulations; they are furnished with brown and scaly claws; the hinder legs attain the greatest length.

The *galéode* has a livid yellow body, about an inch long, thickly covered with hairs, which sharply sting. It runs with such extraordinary swiftness that it is almost impossible to catch it, and thus it easily escapes the destruction which men are interested in effecting. Its poison is extremely subtle; the parts attacked by it swell up instantaneously, causing intense pain, and certain death, unless remedies be promptly applied. These consist of oil as a topical palliative, with cordials and sudorifics.

The *galéode*, or *scorpion spider*, is found in many places in the Levant, in Arabia,* in Syria, Persia, and Asia Minor, and even in the countries comprised between the Don and the Volga, and in the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea.

At the beginning of the war there was an unparalleled increase of poisonous spiders in the littoral provinces of the Black Sea, causing by their venomous bite great sufferings to the men and animals employed in transporting stores to the Russian army. According to the "Nicolaiëff Vestnick," the bite of these noxious insects produces first a sharp local irritation, and afterwards a swelling all over the body, especially towards the abdominal regions. Occasional cases of death occur, but these are rare, the sufferer, in the generality of instances, recovering at the end of three days. Poisonous spiders were first observed in Russia in 1875, chiefly in the south-central provinces. Since then they have developed

so largely as to become quite a plague, and now cover the whole of the provinces bordering on the northern coast of the Black Sea. Their rapid increase is ascribed to the destruction of forests, which, by causing a diminution in the number of birds and insectivorous animals, has deprived the country of its natural check against them. These spiders appear to be similar to those described in Cyprus.

We are assured that these venomous insects are becoming more and more numerous, and are widening the area of their existence. The Arabs, ignorant what remedies to apply, are extremely terrified when they behold them. As with the Colorado beetle, we must be careful that they are not shipped to our shores.

LOCUSTS.

The Island of Cyprus has been for some time free from its active enemies—locusts. Their presence had helped to discourage the cultivation of the soil, and thereby to depopulate the country. Swarms of them first visited the island in the middle ages. In size they were smaller than the ordinary migrating species. An old chronicle relates that for three years, from 1411 to 1413, all the trees were stripped so entirely bare by them that you might have supposed the different seasons to have been one continuous winter. Such a spectacle had never before been witnessed.

In the last century they made their appearance about every two years, and it was observed that whenever the wind blew for any length of time from the north, it brought them in prodigious numbers from the opposite shore. But during the last ten years of that century they located themselves permanently on the east side of the island, where neither plough nor spade had disturbed the hard and sterile soil. There they laid their eggs every year. In the month of March these eggs were hatched, producing a numerous and minute progeny, clustered in black masses on every kind of vegetation that might be growing on the spot. Fourteen days later, after these masses had twice divested themselves of their outer skin, and had grown to the length of one's little finger, they might be seen climbing and hopping forward in a westerly direction, eating up everything on their way, even the stubble in the fields. In fourteen days more they would again have twice changed their exterior coating, and would be in possession of long wings. These locusts, here as elsewhere, travel swiftly in broad bands, their wings as they proceed through the air making a loud rustling noise. Wherever they alight the ground is instantly covered with myriads of them, climbing and devouring as they advance. Their voracity is astonishing; in a few minutes trees are stripped of their foliage, and woe to the garden on which a swarm alights! Every green thing that grows, even solid wood, is destroyed by them. Articles in the interior of houses are not exempt from attack; no kind of food, however well covered up, is safe against their rapacity. They keep advancing farther and farther, leaving bare acres and acres of land as evidence of their rapidly destructive power, until the time arrives for them to die, then long rows of them may be seen along water-courses, ponds, or on the sea-shore. From the latter they are floated off by the ascending and receding waves. The accumulations are so great on these occasions that it is some days before the surrounding atmo-

* The late Mr. John Keast Lord has described the *galéode* as he found it in the peninsula of Sinal. Compare "Leisure Hour," 1870, p. 575.

sphere is disinfected. In the meanwhile millions of eggs are being hatched in the east.

Thus did it fare with Cyprus before the last few years. On the appearance of a flock of locusts its movements were watched with great anxiety by the inhabitants to ascertain the particular direction it was taking. The poor rejoiced when its arrival was early in the year, for then fields and gardens were not so well stocked with provisions for their enemies to destroy. It is also noteworthy that locusts generally avoid a spot on which they have once fed.

Cyprus, however, has been delivered from this terrible scourge, not naturally, but by counteracting means devised by reflecting minds. For two years past but little has been seen of the plague, and the inhabitants begin to breathe again.

At the commencement the people performed pious pilgrimages one after another, each lasting ten days. Lamentations were uttered and the banner of the cross displayed, but all was of no avail.

Then holy relics were sought out. The principal convent of Kiki sent its chief treasure, the picture of the Virgin Mary painted by St. Luke. Many, invoking Divine assistance, held it in a threatening manner towards the swarm of ruthless destroyers, who, it is needless to add, were not at all affected by it; their instinct did not teach them to appreciate these relics; they continued to flutter and hop about in their usual manner, regardless of the misery they were causing. At length a Turkish pasha arrived, and commanded the inhabitants to catch and bring to a government official as many as possible of these voracious invaders, in order to their being instantly buried. So insufficient a remedy was like placing two drops of water on a hot stove, for the number of hands was inadequate to grapple with the evil. Then the growing underwood, on which thousands were feeding, was set on fire, with no better success; then ditches were dug, into which numbers were driven, and stamped down by horses, oxen, and men, or crushed

with a stone roller. Some check was thus imposed, but the best results were produced by collecting the eggs and ploughing up the earth where they had been deposited; still neither men nor money sufficed to continue these means for exterminating them from all parts of the island.

At length it was stated that a large landed proprietor in Larnaka, Mr. Mattei, had devised a very simple and cheap method of dealing with the difficulty. Some one had observed that locusts could not walk on walls with a shining and slippery surface; a circle had been drawn round the fortification of Nicosia, the capital city, and the whole breadth of the wall was whitened and rendered slippery. It was also ascertained that locusts, notwithstanding their large wings, did not keep long up in the air; every now and then they fell to the ground, and were obliged to advance by creeping and hopping before they could rise again to fly. From these two observations Mr. Mattei formed his plans: he caused ditches to be dug, and placed oil-cloth, linen, and varnished planks on surrounding screens, and then at certain distances other ditches were arranged to make more sure. The locusts failing in their attempt to creep up the screen fell into the receptacle below prepared for them, from which they were speedily removed, by means of iron pans and large ladles, into sacks; and each sack with its contents was buried four or five feet below the surface of the earth. The few that remained in the ditches were quickly covered over, pressed down, and stamped upon. The locusts which passed the first ditch did not escape the second or the third.

At first this method of trapping the enemy was only tried at Larnaka; succeeding so well there, it was followed everywhere else throughout the island with the same good result, and so the terrible plague was extirpated.*

* Translated from Von Löher's recent work.

RUGBY SCHOOL.

IN a preceding paper we pointed out that King Edward's School at Shrewsbury, which was primarily designed as a free grammar school for the boys of that town and of the county of Salop, had, from various causes, been principally supported of late years by scholars drawn from all parts of the kingdom. In Rugby School we have an example of a similar kind, which affords, at the same time, a striking illustration of how, by means of efficient management and sound teaching, a school may rise from a mere village class to be one of the most important educational institutions of the country. Rugby had not the advantage of being started under favour of a king's patronage. It possessed no powerful aristocratic influence to bring its benefits more strongly within view of the public. It had no connection with ancient abbey or venerable cloistral school to give it an importance in the eyes of the laity. It was founded by a plain, unpretending citizen and tradesman, whose only claim to notoriety in his lifetime seems to rest on an anecdote related in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," which places him before the world as a

man who was extremely loyal to the cause of the Reformation, and very zealous in maintaining his principles. The name of this honest citizen who formed Rugby School was Laurence Sheriff. He was a grocer of London and member of the guild of his trade, and in addition—probably only in the capacity of tradesman "by appointment," to use a modern expression—was a servant of the Lady (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, "and sworn unto her grace." It appears that Sheriff once laid an information before "the Commissioners," sitting at Bonner's (the Bishop of London) house, beside St. Paul's, against one Robert Farrer, an haberdasher, touching evil words spoken by him of the Lady Elizabeth. Farrer was accustomed to frequent the Rose Tavern, in Newgate Street, which hostelry was likewise a place to which Sheriff himself occasionally resorted. It happened on a certain day when the latter was in the tavern, that Farrer, who was in his cups, spoke very loudly and rudely against the Princess Elizabeth. He said that that Jill (meaning the Princess) had been one of the chief instigators of

Wyatt's rebellion, and before all was ended, she and all the heretics her followers should well understand it. "Some of them," said Farrer, thumping his fist lustily on the table, "hope that she shall have the

lady "Jill," and prophesying such evil of her and her supporters (Sheriff himself of course being included among the number), and forthwith he laid an information before Bonner. As might have been



RUGBY SCHOOL.

crown; but she, and they, I trust, that so hope shall hop headless, or be fried with faggots before



ENTRANCE TO HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE.

she come to it." Sheriff was unable to restrain his indignation at the varlet haberdasher calling his

expected, the Bishop took the haberdasher's part, and smoothed the matter over, opining that Farrer had only meant well to the Catholic religion, and though he spoke his meaning but roughly, he was a loyal citizen by repute, and not given to breaking the Queen's peace. In the end Sheriff was desired to go his way home and think no more of the affair. This anecdote furnishes the only instance in which historical allusion has been made to Laurence Sheriff, the founder of Rugby School.

The grocer seems to have been a thrifty man, and prosperous in his business. His mother and father were natives of Rugby, and we may take it that he himself was born there, although no positive record, we believe, exists to this effect. Dying in London, in the year 1567, he requested that his body might be buried in the parish church of Rugby next his parents, and bequeathed the main portion of his estate to two trustees to found a school there. This was to be ruled by an "honest, discreet, and learned man," who was to instruct "without fee or reward, directly or indirectly, such of the boys of Rugby, and of any place lying within five measured miles of Rugby, who sought admission to it." Certain almshouses were to be built side by side with the school; and the school, its master, and the almshouses were to be severally known for ever as the School, Schoolmaster, and Almshouses of Laurence Sheriff, Grocer.

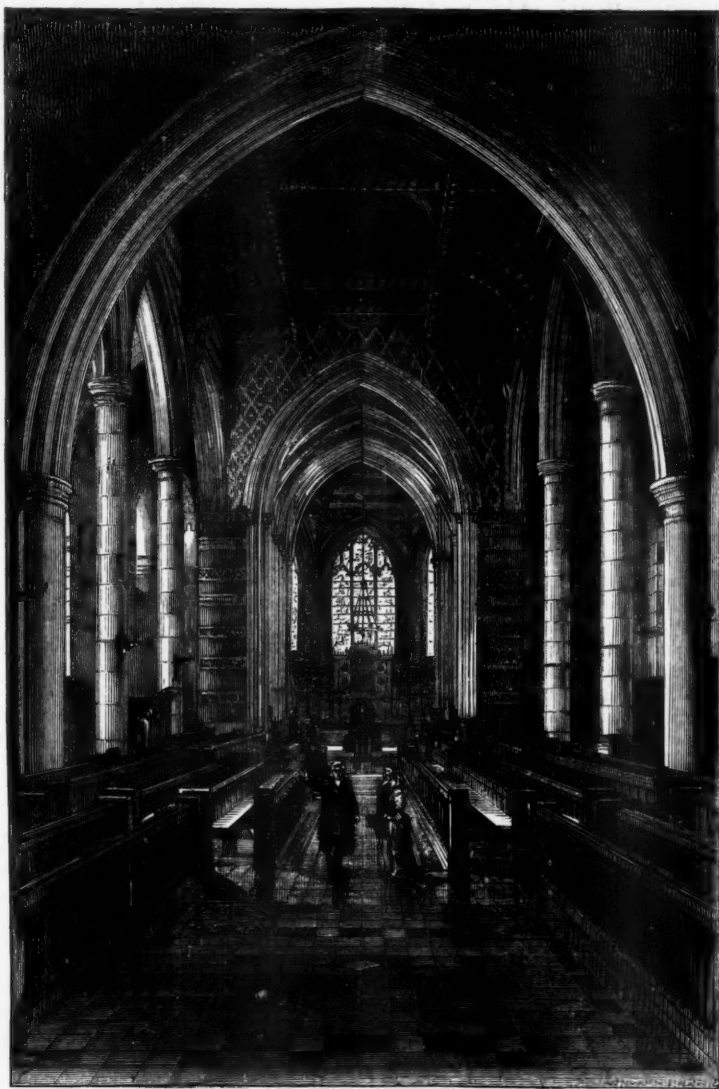
The great prosperity of Sheriff's foundation may be traced to two sources. The first belongs to an incident connected with the founder's bequest; the second to a period some three centuries after his death. We shall discuss each in its order, by way of showing how it has come about that "Rugby" reached the position it now occupies as one of the first schools in point of reputation among

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the nine great representative schools of England. By will Sheriff devised £150 in money, and what small property he held at Rugby and Brownsover in the county of Warwick, for the purpose, among other things, of building "a fayre and convenient schoole-house" at the former village. Shortly after executing this will he revoked a clause of it which had made

death, when built upon, became one of the most fashionable and, indeed, aristocratic parts of London. A century or so ago the houses in Lamb's Conduit Street and Great and Little Ormond Streets, standing on Sheriff's eight acres, near the Foundling Hospital, were inhabited by that section of London society which has now its location in the West-end of



THE SCHOOL CHAPEL.

over to his trustees a sum of £100 in money, which, together with the £50 already bequeathed, was doubtless intended to provide a salary for the master, and executed a codicil substituting in lieu the grant of one-third of twenty-four acres of land belonging to him in Middlesex.

The particular situation of these few acres has since made them immensely valuable. The eight acres of land were situate in the Conduit Close of Gray's Inn Fields, which, many years after his

the metropolis. The rents in these streets were high, and long afterwards, when fashionable London, owing to the enormous extension of the business quarters of the City, had been driven to find refuge two or three miles farther westward, the income arising from Laurence Sheriff's bequest had not decreased in value. While the Rugby and Brownsover property only barely sufficed to provide a site for the school and almshouses which he had ordered to be built, the few acres of land in Middlesex which

he substituted for his legacy of £100 produced in course of time a very large income, at the present closely approaching £6,000 annually. But for the codicil which the good London grocer unexpectedly executed, his school at Rugby might never have risen above the rank of an unobtrusive village charity. As it so happens, it is now one of the first and most considerable public schools in the kingdom. In the earlier stages of its existence it was very nearly becoming extinct, owing to the misapplication of the funds by one of the trustees—the survivor of the two who were appointed under Sheriff's will. Other frauds committed upon the trust property eventually led to some inhabitants of Rugby looking into the matter, and by-and-by a body of trustees were appointed by consent of the Court of Chancery, and with the universal consent of the townspeople. These trustees were selected principally from among the nobility and gentry of the county, and Laurence Sheriff's school began to prosper. It being known that it was now properly managed, and that careful instruction was given by the master, scholars were soon attracted to its classes, and in due course Rugby School was resorted to by boys drawn from all classes of Warwickshire society. The sons of the powerful and the rich, and the sons of persons of humbler stations in society, alike shared in the advantages which the School at Rugby offered. After languishing somewhat under the embarrassment of a scanty revenue for the best part of a century, due to the peculations of the trustee, the first dawn of its present splendour began to appear. From the year 1777 down to the present time the history of Laurence Sheriff's school has been the record of one continuous success, unalloyed with even the vestige of a financial trouble.

The other cause which wrought so material an influence on the prosperity of Rugby, and which in its results was the means of placing that school permanently in the very front rank of all English educational institutions, was the fortunate selection by the trustees, in the year 1828, of Dr. Arnold as Head Master. From that date began a new era in public-school education, that not only marvellously affected the welfare of Laurence Sheriff's school, but, more or less, the welfare of every public school in the kingdom. Considerations of space prevent us from entering minutely into the various incidents of Dr. Arnold's career as Head Master of Rugby; all that we can hope here to do is to endeavour to point out the more important changes in school management which his appointment inaugurated. For many years it had been the custom—and vastly too much the custom—at our great public schools for the Head Master to stand at a distance from his scholars, to act as it were the part of an austere potentate towards them. He only cared that they should approach him when they came within his class in the school, and ordinarily took no greater interest in their progress and welfare than that implied in his office of chief school instructor. He was simply a schoolmaster, and they were simply scholars. It was his duty to teach and to maintain a kind of discipline; theirs to learn and to keep order. The loss the general body of the boys came within the ken of the Head Master out of school, so much the better for the boys, so much the pleasanter for the Head Master. If the allotted portions of Latin and Greek were fairly well learnt within the appointed school-time, matters went well, the boys went scot-free; if they were careless and indifferent in their studies, they were flogged, and so paid the

penalty. Of course, here and there sometimes an individual interest was felt in some promising boy, and he was taken in hand for the future honour of the school, but such instances were few and far between. Election of foundationers to the university generally went as a matter of course, quite irrespective of learning, and so long as the competitors could pass muster before the statutory examiners in a mere farce of classical examination, the Head Master's conscience was satisfied. As a general rule, he considered that his chief duties were to teach and to flog, and to flog and to teach, and, having acquitted himself of these duties with as much energy as he could command, he desired to be left alone with the boys as little as possible. With the under masters it was very much a case of follow their leader. They took no interest in their scholars out of school, and considered that their own work began and ended with the ringing of the school-bell. There was no real discipline existing in any of our great public schools. Bullying of the worst possible kind, and fagging, and open rebellions, and still greater faults, were ruining their morale and prestige when Dr. Arnold received his appointment as Head Master of Rugby. Then began a revolution in the whole system of public-school education in England.

Arnold's first great object after entering upon his office was to get together at Laurence Sheriff's school a society of intelligent, gentlemanly, and active men, who would serve under him not only as masters in the ordinary sense of the term, but as friends and advisers of the boys. He made it a *sine quâ non* of appointing an under master, that the candidate should engage on his part to teach in school and out of school as well; classics and mathematics in the one case, morality in the other. If the master could not, or would not enter heartily into the interest, honour, and general respectability and distinction of the society which he had joined, he must resign his place, and make way for another. After a short struggle Dr. Arnold succeeded in getting together the men whom he desired to have around him. Having done so, he gave them a joint interest with himself in the school's welfare by placing under their charge the boys' boarding-houses, which had hitherto been under the management of irresponsible persons only indirectly—to the extent of their pockets—concerned in the school's prosperity. Each under master became immediately answerable to the Head Master for the discipline and moral tone of the boys in the house he controlled. Then, each house-master, besides, was appointed a private tutor. He privately instructed the boys in his house, and taught his own class in open school as well. In this way the education of the boys was immensely improved, and each master in the school had a direct personal motive in striving his utmost to instruct with care the scholars committed to his charge. A judicious rivalry was at once created among the masters and among the boys. It soon became known abroad whose boarding-house stood at the top of the school register in point of good conduct and learning, and the master of that house reaped the benefit in pocket and honour as well. Having thus introduced reforms into the school, Dr. Arnold turned his attention to the boys. He gave them to understand that no longer were they to be treated as wild animals, fit only to be suspected, anathematised, and flogged; but as reasonable beings and gentlemen. He went among them, studied their thoughts and feelings, sympathised with

them in their school work, watched them in their school games, and generally respected their school customs and traditions. He became, in fact, one of themselves, and made the boys respect themselves by the mere force of the respect he showed to them. If a boy told Dr. Arnold that such a thing was so, he would answer, "If you say so, that is quite enough; of course I believe your word." And, as Dr. Stanley tells us in his *Life of this admirable man*, there grew up in consequence a general feeling at Rugby "that it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie; he always believes one." In the old system of school punishments he at once made a great alteration. The boys were in future to be led, not driven. Corporal punishment was, in Dr. Arnold's view, a thing to be abhorred, degrading in itself, and utterly unnecessary except as a severe warning to the refractory. Hitherto boys had been flogged indiscriminately—the weakling and the strong, the boy grossly and notoriously immoral, and the lad guilty of but a venial offence, the dunce from sheer incapacity to learn, and the dullard from absolute wilfulness of character. Punishments Dr. Arnold kept as much as possible in the background; for mere school offences he rarely had recourse to them except in the way of impositions. He had once got out of patience and spoken sharply to a pupil, a plodding fellow, with little of the acute intellect about him. The pupil looked up in Dr. Arnold's face (we quote from Dr. Stanley) and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best that I can." The Head Master of Rugby used to tell this story, and declare that the pupil's look and speech he could never forget; he had never felt so much ashamed in his life. As might be imagined, a man who could feel so was not likely to punish hastily himself, or to suffer others to punish hastily. The boys of Laurence Sheriff's school began soon not to hate and fear their Head Master, but to hang upon his very footsteps.

Another innovation that Dr. Arnold introduced into the management of Rugby was the monitorial system, the ancient præfect system of Winchester modernised. Arnold selected the oldest, and the strongest, and the cleverest of the boys—in other words, the members, of "the Sixth," or head class—to govern the rest of the school, and so at once, and for ever, as far as Rugby was concerned, put an end to the lawless tyranny of physical strength. He named these boys *Præpostors*, exacting of them various services, and enduing them with certain privileges, and to them he looked as the ordinary correctors of the ordinary evils of a public school. Fagging he retained, but in a modified way. It was made the exclusive right of "the Sixth" alone to fag, and not the privilege by might of every big boy and bully in the school. Moreover, in its operation fagging was made less onerous and servile in its character. And last, not least, Dr. Arnold founded the chapel and its services, and preached to the boys those sermons which ought to be in the hands of every lad, whose principal purpose was to inculcate the noble doctrine that a Christian is the highest style of man. Such, in brief, were some of the reforms worked by Dr. Arnold in our system of public-school education. The vast importance of these beneficial changes to Rugby itself, and the immeasurable advantages they have brought to the great body of its scholars, past and present, and, we may rightly add, in the future, are not easily to be estimated. No Head Master of a great school

ever did so much for his own pupils, or for the cause of English education generally, as did Dr. Arnold. Any notice of Rugby School would be alike incomplete, and lacking in the most essential and interesting chapter of its history, that omitted to give prominence to Dr. Arnold's service as Head Master, and to recognise the immense debt of gratitude which Rugbeans in particular, and the great schools of England in general, owe to his memory.

There are few historical associations connected with Laurence Sheriff's school, and none of sufficient interest to be related at length. Its history is a purely modern one, and may be said to date from the appointment of Dr. Arnold. The visitor to Rugby must consult the pages of "Tom Brown," rather than of any more ancient volume, to ascertain those matters which are the most interesting to have in memory in going over the school. He will be attracted principally to the School Close, the vantage-ground of that hero's most interesting exploits, and to the Library and School Chapel, which are especially the scenes of Dr. Arnold's labours. The School House, Big School, and the Arnold Library will furnish matter for reflection; but only in the sense of being associated with the period of Rugby's history which we have already related at length.

Rugby for many years has been famous for its school games, which, as at other schools, are cricket, football, and raquets. The management of the School Close and the regulation of all games are committed to an assembly called the "Big Side Levée," consisting of all boys in the Upper School, led by "the Sixth." This assembly imposes the taxes to be paid by all for the support of school amusements, subject to the condition of the members of this assembly paying twice the amount levied on the Middle and Lower School, and of the taxes being approved by the Head Master. Big Side Levée is the Wittenagemote of Rugbeans. A Levée of the School is the grand council of the nation called together, now very rarely indeed, at the instigation of the School as a body. In times gone by a School Levée was generally resorted to for the ignoble purpose of thrashing refractory bargees, or for some other duty, peaceful or warlike, in which it was desirable that the whole school should bear a share. For instance, just before the annual visit of the Trustees the whole school would engage in collecting evergreens and flowers wherewith to decorate "the island," a mound in the playing-fields, now, we believe, razed. This custom took the place of a very ancient ceremonial which principally consisted, on the like occasion, of strewing the floor of the school with green rushes. "Hare and hounds" and football are the games in which Rugby has always been held famous. In point of fact, as regards the latter, Rugby exercises the power of supreme dictator over all other football-playing schools. In September, 1846, "The Laws of Football" were sanctioned by "a Levée of Big Side," and ordered to be printed and circulated; and from that day to the present Rugby has been looked up to as the great authority on every matter pertaining to football—the shape of the ball, the manner of the kick, the habits of the players, the conduct of the "serimmages," and so on. "Tom Brown's" vivid description of the famous Great Crick Run at Big Side "hare and hounds" is doubtless familiar to the majority of our readers. It will be interesting to mention in this connection that nowadays a plucky hound is held to have performed his pluckiest in keeping well up with the hares for

about twelve miles across country. And no hound is permitted to enter even for this "run" whose capacity and soundness have not been previously tested by the doctor. The ordinary Rugby "run" does not now exceed five or six miles. At one time attendance at football was compulsory on every member of the school on request of the præpostors, but we believe this custom has been very properly abolished. No facilities for boating exist at Rugby; but at a short distance from the town, separated by a few fields from the school, flows the Avon, which affords good bathing-places for the boys, and thus promotes the advantageous and invigorating pastime of swimming. Rugby boys, more than the boys of any other school in the kingdom, excel in athletic exercises; and it is possibly, from this early preference for an active life over the quieter habits of the student, that we find most of the alumni of Rugby who have distinguished themselves in after careers belong to the army and navy.

UTOPIAS, OR SCHEMES OF SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

IX.—LOUIS BLANC'S "ORGANISATION OF LABOUR."

FRANCE has witnessed many strange scenes in the various revolutionary acts played out on her soil, but one of the most remarkable was this—when a working man suddenly broke upon the Assembly sitting in the Luxembourg and demanded, in the name of a hundred thousand armed proletarians waiting outside, "the rights of labour." This historical hall, in which formerly the haughty peers of France had held their session, was now occupied by a provisional government which called itself the humble servant of the people, and the members of which, from their seats in the house, addressing the men in their blouses at the door as "our dear friends," passed in haste, and under the influence of popular excitement, that astounding decree on the 25th of February, 1848:—"The Provisional Government of the Republic binds itself to guarantee the means of livelihood to the labourer by work, and binds itself to procure work for all citizens."

One of the most prominent members of this assembly was Louis Blanc, historian and political writer, the famous author of the "Organisation of Labour." The principles of this publication, originally addressed to the rich, exhorting them to make the cause of the poor their own, were now to be carried out in practice when the author had become the president of the commission appointed by Government to improve the condition of the labourers.

If at any time there was a chance of success for such a scheme, now was the opportunity. St. Simon and Charles Fourier had ineffectually appealed to the State for public aid in their schemes for social improvement. Cabet's hopes had been disappointed on this head when he left, as we saw in the previous paper, his country in disgust on the very eve of the Revolution. It was reserved for Louis Blanc, a high-minded, thoroughly earnest, able, and moderate socialist, to submit his scheme as a government measure to the commission over which he presided, and to induce the State to organise labour with a view to finally abolishing competition, to extirpate

misery, to raise the people's morals, to forestall the return of commercial and industrial crises, to secure labour for all hands and bread for all mouths, and so to diffuse comfort and happiness among all classes of society. Hence the Government assumed the title of the "Ministry of Progress," and proposed to itself the task of passing the following measures:—

1. To procure labour for all who are out of employ, for "wherever the certainty of living by labour does not result from the very essence of social institutions, there iniquity is predominant."
2. The transformation of the Bank of France into a State bank, to remove the evils arising from the abuses of the credit system, and the crushing power of the plutocracy.
3. The control by the State of all railways and insurance companies and savings banks.
4. The erection of public workshops and general stores.
5. The foundation of agricultural colonies on co-operative principles.

Measures No. 1 and 4 were actually passed, to the great consternation of the plutocratic party, but were revoked six months later by a decree of the "Constituante," a measure which had for its results the rise of the populace, the fighting for several days behind barricades, and the final subjection of the people by force of arms under General Cavaignac, and the ultimate establishment of the Second Empire.

But we must return to Louis Blanc, and take a rapid glance at the man and his doctrine who was the ruling spirit of the "Ministry of Progress." Louis Blanc, the idol of the Parisian proletariat, is a man of good family and a distinguished scholar of the Academy of Arras. He began his career as a journalist in Paris, and has since gained for himself a considerable reputation as a literary man and social innovator of superior culture and philosophical attainments. Here follows part of a description of the condition of society after the Second Revolution, by Louis Blanc, which has been compared by a competent writer to one of the finest passages of Gibbon. It may serve both as a sample of Louis Blanc's style, and as a true, though sad, picture of the social condition of the labourers which he set himself to improve.

"Never had society been abandoned to such disorders as those which now afflicted it under the direction of its official guides. There was an incessant strife of masters for the command of the market—of workmen for the command of employment; of the masters against the workman for the fixing of wages—of the workman against the machine destined to destroy, by superseding him; such was, under the name of free competition, the picture of the situation of France, viewed in an industrial aspect. What a picture of social disorder. The great capitalists gaining the victory in the strife, as the strong battalions in the field of battle, and the principle of *laissez faire* leading to results as ruinous as the most odious monopolies; the great manufacturers ruining the small, and the great merchants the lesser; usury by degrees gaining possession of the soil—a modern feudalism worse than the old—independent artisans giving place to those who are mere serfs; capital engulfing itself with shameless avidity in the most perilous undertakings, all interests armed the one against the other. . . . Turn to the working classes, is their condition more encouraging? The proletarian servant of a master-workman seeking, in a crisis, his bread by begging and revolt; the father of the workman going, at sixty years of age, to die in a hospital; his daughter at sixteen prostituting herself to gain a livelihood; his son doomed to breathe, from seven years of age, the contaminated air of great workshops, to add to the earnings of the family; the improvidence of misery, and the proletariat menacing the kingdom with an inundation of beggars! Such was the material

condition of society. On the other hand, so far as their moral condition was concerned, no attachment to traditions; the spirit of inquiry, denying everything, and yet affirming nothing, and acknowledging no other religion but the love of gain. . . . There you see, every morning at five, at the doors of the factories, a crowd of pale, sickly children, with downcast eyes and livid cheeks, walking with bent backs, like old men. The social system, founded on competition, is to such a degree cruel and insensate, that it not only stifles the intelligence and depraves the disposition of the poor man's child, but it even withers up and extinguishes in them the principle of life."

Such was the state of things immediately after the Second Revolution, which had, if possible, grown worse towards the approach of the Third. A gentleman visiting some of the barricades in 1848, asked one of the men why he was engaged in this dangerous occupation. The man folded his arms and looked at him for some moments, and then said: "Because I starve. I have a wife and four children. I receive at the mayoralty 11d. a day. That is not enough to buy bread for us, cheap as bread is. Come home with me, and you shall see for yourself. Afterwards I will return to the barricade. I am hungry, but I will not eat; I will get killed." The gentleman went home with him and found things as they had been described. The man returned to the barricade.†

In this alarming increase of poverty and wretchedness Louis Blanc sees the greatest national misfortune, and since he regards competition as the root of the evil, he would replace the competition of private enterprise by the State organisation of labour as a temporary measure, at least, until the people shall have been duly prepared for co-operation and free combination among themselves. He tries, on homeopathic principles, to cure an evil by the introduction of its similar into the body politic, "to remove competition by the means of competition, to expel the competition of individuals by the competition of State organisation with private enterprise."

He makes society responsible for the welfare of its poorest members, and as capitalists and the internecine competitive struggles of the representatives of capitalism have introduced all these social disharmonies, he aims at their gradual, though not violent, extinction. He would make the State sole capitalist and chief creditor of the nation, and let the public purse supply the means and ways for carrying on the work necessary for the maintenance of the community.

He distinguishes three stages in the historical development of social arrangements. First comes the era of authority, during which men are organised by compulsion (slavery and feudalism); then comes the era of individualism, or personal liberty, the rule of competition and free contract, where all are permitted to do as they please, and the poor are allowed to starve without let or hindrance; last of all comes the period of fraternity and free combination among the people, fostered by State intervention. The binding power of authority was demolished by the Revolution. The present state of *laissez faire, laissez aller*, is a state of anarchy, during which an irregular conflict of interests prevails, preventing all healthy social cohesion, and leaving room for the unrestrained licence of egotism. The time has come, he thinks, for the State to interpose to unite the isolated social

units, to create for them a common rallying-point, to guide and protect them during the first effort of conducting the business of life on the principles of fraternal love.

To give effect to these ideas, Louis Blanc shows the evils of competition on the condition of the working classes:

"What is competition as far as the labourers are concerned? It is work put up to auction." An employer wants a man. Three men present themselves, and are asked their terms. One demands three francs a day, for he has a wife and children to maintain. Another has a wife, but no children, and will take two francs and a half. A third, who has neither, is satisfied with two francs. He gets the preference. What becomes of the other two? They cannot starve or steal. Even the successful competitor is not sure of his place. A fourth, more powerful in endurance, able to do without food for two days in the week, can offer work at a cheaper rate still, and is accepted by the master. Who, then, is so blind as not to see that under the empire of unlimited competition wages must reach their lowest ebb, as a matter of fact, without any exceptions?" How is this to be remedied? Let Louis Blanc reply in his own words: "We desire, then, that labour should be so organised as to cause the suppression of misery; not merely in order that the physical sufferings of the people should be mitigated, but also, and above all, that every one should recover his self-esteem; that excessive wretchedness should cease to smother the noble aspirations of thought and the enjoyment of a legitimate pride; that room might be found for all in the dominions of education and intelligence; that no one any longer should be enslaved and absorbed by watching a revolving wheel; that no child should be transformed into a means of augmenting the wages of a family. . . . We desire that labour should be organised, that the soul of the people . . . be no more crushed and corrupted under the tyranny of events." "Government should raise a loan, which is to be applied to the erection of social workshops in the most important branches of national industry. During the first year after the establishment of these workshops, the Government should regulate the hierarchy of functions. After the first year a change should be made. The workmen, having had time to appreciate each other, and all being, as we shall see, equally interested in the success of the association, the ruling powers might be allowed to be committed to those appointed by a general election.

"An account is to be taken every year of the net profit, and this is to be divided into three parts, one-third to be distributed equally among all members; another to be set apart for the old and infirm, and for the mitigation of crises occurring in any of the other branches, each branch being compelled to assist the rest; the third portion is to be applied to the purchase of new instruments of labour for those who desire to join the association, so that it may be extended indefinitely.

"Every member should be at liberty to dispose of his wages as he chose, but the evident economy and undoubted excellence of life in common would soon convert the association of labour into a voluntary association of wants and pleasures.

"Capitalists would be invited to join the association, and would receive interest on the principal invested, which interest could be guaranteed to them

* Alison, History of Europe, 1815-52; vol. v. chap. xxix. 4, p. 378, et seq.

† Sargent, "Social Innovators," p. 376.

out of the budget; but they would share the profits only in the character of labourers."

The social workshop once set going, Louis Blanc hopefully suggests "it is not difficult to divine the result. In every leading trade, that of machinery, for example, or that of cotton, silk, printing, there could be a social workshop competing with a private business. Would the contest be a long one? No; because the social workshop would have over every private business the advantage which results from living in common, and from a mode of organisation in which all workmen have an interest in quick and excellent production."

It will be seen that according to these regulations, every one was to receive an equal share, irrespective of their ability of work, contrary to our received notions that every one is to be rewarded according to the use he makes of his capacities and talents. Louis Blanc defines the social law of his improved society to be as follows: "*Every one to work according to his capacity, and to receive the means of enjoyment according to his requirements.*" "The day will come," he says, "when it will be recognised that he who has received from God more strength and intelligence owes more to his fellow-men in proportion. Then it will be the duty of genius and its merit to prove its legitimate supremacy, not by the magnitude of tribute it levies on society, but by the grandeur of the service it renders to society. What must be aimed at by the superiority of aptitudes is *not so much the inequality of rights as the inequality of duties.*"

Such was Louis Blanc's scheme for the "organisation of labour." Whatever may be thought of it, we cannot but respect the motives of its projector, and admire the earnestness and eloquence of his appeals.

The workshops were duly established, but, as we have already mentioned, were closed six months after by the order of the newly-established authorities. It is impossible to say what would have happened if a fair trial had been given to this new social scheme. It is unfair to argue, as some have done, that because the scheme was afterwards tried by one or two small private establishments and failed, that, therefore, failure must of necessity have attended the Government scheme, with all the resources of a great country at its disposal. We are inclined to believe that the scheme in itself was highly impractical, but we cannot help, at the same time, admiring the moral heroism and the earnest enthusiasm of the man who, with considerable forethought and moderation, proposed a scheme which sought to strike out a safe middle course between a thoroughgoing Communism and the faulty societary projects of his predecessors. He had declared to the delegates of the Parisian labourers the guiding principle of regenerated society: "Labour according to aptitudes, remuneration according to requirements." The terms of the proposition show the practical difficulties of carrying out such an ideal. If the rule, "liability to work in proportion to labour capacity, and enjoyment in proportion to requirements," be the rule of this new society, who is to measure the capacities of each individual, and to circumscribe his wants? What is to prevent an excess of requirements over the powers of production in the society itself? "Everybody," it has been well said, "has infinite desires, and this innate desire for acquisition, this noble insatiableness of man, which allows of no limits, is the very incentive of all historical development." Hence the impossibility of providing for all the needs of suffering,

groaning, and yet aspiring humanity by State regulations. Again, who is to guarantee the unswerving wisdom of the officials appointed for this task, and secure them against mismanagement? What is to prevent this mutual assurance system, and the certainty of finding provision under all circumstances, having the most deplorable effects in slackening exertion and encouraging indifference as to results in the members of such a community, where all the responsibility rests with the authorities? What, then, will be the prospects of the new society? If force be applied, it becomes a compulsory Communism without a shadow of liberty; if not, then anarchy and a final social dissolution threaten to follow. On these grounds, then, we cannot regard Louis Blanc's proposals otherwise than in the light of a federal Utopia, which presupposes a moral standard and a moral courage of self-denial among the members of his society, such as we rarely meet with among the most elevated heroes of goodness and truth who have adorned mankind.

The merit, however, of Louis Blanc's suggestions consists in his foreshadowing a system of co-operation on higher moral principles at a period of social decay. He saw only the unrestrained propensities of egotistical rapacity among the rich and degrading wretchedness among the poor. "Society is shaken to its very foundations owing to the too long application of a subversive principle. Trades ruined and crying for assistance; workshops in confusion; interests at war; workmen and masters divided by daily disputes; undertakings suddenly stopped; State interference loudly claimed by the proprietors of factories; State protection invoked with anguish or anger by a host of operatives driven to the last shift—such is the spectacle," says Louis Blanc, in a document issued by his Luxembourg Commission, "which has brought to our notice the system of competition reduced to give a formal account of its miseries."

The statement may be somewhat rhetorical and overcharged, still we can easily understand how sanguine a theoriser, with the enthusiasm of humanity kindling his zeal in the cause of his suffering fellow-men, would rush to extremes in his endeavour to adopt measures for their recovery. "Everything impels, and is impelled, towards the principle of association—the saving system, which will sooner or later be blessed by those who now deery and calumniate it," cries hopefully Louis Blanc, and this hope may yet perhaps find its fulfilment in the distant future. In the meantime the transition from competition to co-operation cannot be affected as rapidly and effectually as he imagined, whether with or without State help.

But Louis Blanc deserves high consideration from true friends of the people; first, for the conception and statement of an advanced moral principle, which must form the basis of any possible higher state of civilised society in the future; the duty of regarding the common interests of all in preference to pure and undisguised self-interest as the ruling spring of human action. Desire to increase the happiness of others as contrasted with the desire of self-gratification—this is the stand-point which regards society as a family in which all take an interest in the welfare of the several members, especially in the case of those whose weakness and infirmities require special sympathy. Not "every one for himself," but "looking also on the things of others," is the principle of true Socialism. And this is the stand-

point of the true social reformer who looks forward to a distant future, when, to use the expression of an eminent scientist of the present day, "Social duty will be raised to a higher level of significance, and the deepening sense of social duty will, it is to be hoped, lessen, if not obliterate, the strifes and heartburnings which now beset and disfigure our social life."

UP GOES THE BLUE BLANKET!

THE "Blue Blanket" is the historical name of one of Scotland's time-honoured and most celebrated treasures. It is the standard or banner of the incorporated trades of the ancient Northern capital. Though little heard of now beyond the precincts of Edinburgh, and known to few even of those strangers who take interest in Scottish antiquities, it was once famed in history, and has many associations with the past. King James I, in his "Basilicon Doron," when venting his royal indignation at his too independent Scottish subjects, said of the Edinburgh tradesmen, "The craftsmen think we should be contented with their work, and if in anything they be controlled, then up goes the Blue Blanket." He meant that the citizens of Edinburgh were independent and difficult to manage, as some kings, especially his son Charles I, found the free citizens and the apprentices of London, with their trained bands, in later days.

Now this Blue Blanket has a romantic history. According to Pennicuik, the order of the Blue Blanket was instituted by Pope Urban II, in the twelfth century, and is therefore more ancient than any order of knighthood in Europe. This author tells us that a large number of Scottish mechanics who followed Allan, Lord High Steward of Scotland, and aided him in the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels, took with them a banner bearing the inscription "In bona voluntate tua edificentur muri Jerusalem." This banner, which they styled the "Banner of the Holy Ghost," was from its colour familiarly known as the Blue Blanket. On their return they dedicated it, at the altar of St. Eloi, in St. Giles's Church, St. Eloi being the patron saint of the hammermen of Edinburgh, the guardians of this celebrated banner.

Further, Pennicuik tells us that in acknowledgment of a loyal service rendered him, King James III confirmed the craftsmen in all the privileges of the Blue Blanket, which they obtained by permission as an immemorial possession, and he ordered it to be called in all times coming "The Standard of the Crafts within Burgh."

The trades thus honoured renewed their banner or ensign, by way of pennon, and the queen with her own hand painted upon it their heraldic bearings, namely, a saltier of St. Andrew's cross, a thistle, an Imperial crown, and a hammer. The inscription ran,

"Fear God and honour the king
With a long life and prosperous reign,
And we the Trades shall ever pray."

And at its appearance, not only they, but all the artisans within Scotland, are bound to follow it, and fight under the Convener of Edinburgh.

In all cases of civil commotion "up went the Blue Blanket." When James V was seized in the street at the instigation of magistrates and merchants, and

imprisoned within the common gaol, the Crown being in debt for vast sums to the town of Edinburgh, the trades displayed their banner, rescued their captive monarch, and conveyed him in safety to Holyrood Palace. It was very shabby of King James to forget this good service when he spoke from London in contempt of the Blue Blanket.

When the Association against Queen Mary held a Parliament in the Canongate, Edinburgh being in possession of the loyalist troops, the craftsmen believing their religion to be in danger displayed the Blue Blanket.

When that hapless queen was lodged in the Provost's House on her return from Carberry Hill, "the first thing that met her eyes on looking forth in the morning was a large white banner, 'stented betwixt two spears,' whereon was painted the murdered Darnley, with the words, 'Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord.' The poor queen exclaimed to the assembled multitude, 'Good people, either satisfy your cruelty and hatred by taking away my miserable life, or redeem me from the hands of such inhuman tyrants.' Some of the rude rabble again renewed their insulting cries, but the citizens displayed their ancient standard, the Blue Blanket, and ran to arms for her deliverance; and had not the confederates removed her to Holyrood on pretence of restoring her to liberty, she would probably have been safe for a time under her burgher guards."

When an unruly mob sought to burst into the Tolbooth when James VI and his council were engaged in the discussion of religious matters, John Watt, Deacon Convener of the Trades, drew up his lads, the soldiers of the Blue Blanket, and kept the rabble back. The king, when in safety, swore that had it not been for the loyalty of the crafts he would have burnt the town of Edinburgh and salted it with salt.

The Blue Blanket mustered for battle.

Around it the patriotic citizens rallied, as the Scottish host marshalled on the Burrough Moor ere setting out for Flodden, from which disastrous field it was borne back to Edinburgh by the devoted Randolph, captain of the City Band, who,—

... gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying, "That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land.
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it
As the archers laid them low;
Grimly dying still unconquered
With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye well may look upon it,
There is more than honour there;
Else be sure I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steept in such costly dye,
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge ye keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing;
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your king!

A venerable relic is shown to the curious at the

Trades' Institution. We are sorry to disturb an ancient illusion, but we happen to know* that the reputed Blue Blanket thus exhibited is *not* the original standard that was dedicated at the altar of St. Eloi on the return of the Scottish crusaders from the Holy Land. That relic is still in existence in a place well known to a few antiquarians. But, after all, the banner brought safely home from Flodden's fatal field is worth far more to patriotic Scotchmen than the more ancient relic, however that may have been consecrated by royal or priestly hands. It is very likely that the custodians did not trust so precious a treasure as the original Blue Blanket to the risk of capture in the war with the English.

* On the authority of the late James Drummond, Esq., F.S.A.

Varieties.

INFLUENCE OF THE GULF STREAM.—Those of my readers who are old enough will remember that in the same year in which the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park was opened, 1851, two other places were opened for instruction and amusement, namely, the Hippodrome at Kensington, and Wyld's Globe in Leicester Square. They will also remember that in walking round the interior of the globe they were accompanied by an attendant giving a descriptive lecture on the earth's formation. They may remember, further, that, among many other matters of interest, the lecturer remarked that the gradual effect of the Gulf Stream on the climate of Great Britain would be, that we should not know summer from winter except by the budding of trees and flowers. Surely this summer in its early months has verified the lecturer's prediction. In the middle of June, from the windows of the room in which I write, I had a pretty view of large and extensive gardens full of trees and flowers; if I look at them I know it is summer, but yet there was boisterous wind and rain outside my windows, and I was glad to light a fire a few days before midsummer. Fifty years ago we used to have deep snows and hard frosts long before Christmas, and my father's plan was to provide a large supply of wood and coal to meet the severity of the coming winter. I well remember once riding to West Malling when I was a boy, that before I got there it came on to snow, and that it continued snowing, more or less, for the next three months. We rarely now have any such deep snows and hard frosts of such long continuance and great severity as we had then. Surely there is change in the seasons beyond what is due to the customary croaking of old folks.

H. S.

JOURNEYMEN TAILORS' ALMSHOUSES.—In the year 1842 the "Tailors' Benevolent Institution" was built in the Prince of Wales Road, Haverstock Hill. It was established for the purpose of providing a pension and a home, with certain other contingent advantages, for the aged and infirm journeymen tailors who in their days of health and strength had enrolled themselves as members. The Institution took its rise in the year 1837, after a great strike among the tailors. Seeing the terrible misery and loss occasioned by the strike among the workmen, it occurred to the charitable mind of the late John Stulz and others that it would be well to establish a home for their reception in the season of old age and want. They wisely judged it expedient not to make it of a purely eleemosynary character, but to let it assume the proportions of a carefully adjusted system of self-help. No man is eligible to receive the benefits of the Institution unless he becomes a member before he is forty-five years of age, and has subscribed to the funds seven shillings a year for twenty-one years, or has paid in all seven guineas. The Board of Directors is composed of masters and journeymen in equal proportion, so that the interests of the latter are thoroughly well looked after. Since its formation the Institution has been the means of providing comfortable homes for nearly 400 people. The pensioners are provided with two rooms, rent free, if married, but if single, only one; have coals regularly supplied them, medical attendance and medicine free, and a weekly

allowance of eight shillings. As a general rule, their widows are permitted, on application, to remain in the Institution with a weekly allowance of five shillings, and a room rent free, with coals, etc. In case of any of the single pensioners being ill, or unable to attend to his own wants, there is an excellent infirmary, with a thoroughly qualified nurse to do all that is requisite for him. The benefits of the Institution are not in any way restricted to nation or creed. Among the inmates have been English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Germans; members of the Church of England, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Independents, Lutherans, Baptists, Wesleyans, and also men not belonging to any religious community. Religious services are, however, conducted in the chapel of St. John the Evangelist, by a clergyman of the Church of England, for all who desire to attend them. Each one is at full liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. However deplorable strikes are as a rule, it must be confessed that in this instance good has been evoked out of evil, and a lasting benefit conferred in a judicious manner on the wise and prudent workman. —JOHN ROBERTSON, LL.D.

THORNEY ISLAND.—In preparing the grave for the reception of the late Sir Gilbert Scott's remains, lately interred in Westminster Abbey, the red virgin sand of Thorney Island was laid bare, with the wave mark of the Thames plainly visible on it. It is said that this has hardly ever been observed before in the nave of the Abbey, where almost every foot of ground bears traces of the displacing of the soil by previous interments. —Academy.

STREET ORGANS.—The newspapers so often record complaints of street music as a nuisance, that it is refreshing to hear a word on the other side. Mr. H. A. Lascelles has the courage thus to write to the "Times":—"I think that there is something very selfish in the claim of those who wish to be considered as in a special sense 'thinkers,' that the tuneful and bright melodies of itinerant Italian musicians should be expelled from the neighbourhood honoured by their presence. While one 'thinker' is struggling with his rebellious 'thoughts,' the best of which may be only a source of profit for himself and a valueless gift to the world, the despised organ-grinder is soothing the feelings, calming the minds, and elevating the hearts and tastes of hundreds in the immediate vicinity who are not 'thinkers,' but are honestly toiling in the positions in which God has placed them. If those who consider that they are commissioned by Heaven to become writers and teachers of their fellow-men, or inventors, permit their minds and senses to be tyrannised over by the interruptions and distractions inseparable from a community, two alternatives are open to them—either to remove themselves to the country or to remain where they are and exercise the power which the human mind possesses of localising and concentrating itself upon its proper work."

JAPANESE FANS.—Till within the last two or three years there were not above 10,000 fans exported yearly from Japan. Now there are exported from two places in Japan about 3,000,000 fans, valued at some £20,000, the greater part shipped to America. At Osaka the "ogi," or folding fans, are manufactured, of the bamboo kind; the figures and writing taking place in Kiyoto. The chief portion is composed of the cheaper sort, the fewer and better kind, such as "uchiwa," being made at Kiyoto. Division of labour is strictly enforced; the bamboo ribs are made in the private houses around; combinations of the different notches cut in the lower parts are the province of the workmen who finish and form the various patterns given by the designers. These latter give the engravers the drawings, and also regulate all matters respecting the colouring. Of late, advertising has even crept into fans, and hence the designer has been in very many cases reduced to a simple colourman. When the sheets that form the two sides of the fans are in the hands of a workman, with the bamboo sets that form the ribs, the sheets are folded to keep the crease, by placing them between oiled and creased papers. When folded and pressed, and the moulds again used, the relaxed sheets are packed up for some twenty-four hours in their folds. Next, the ribs are arranged on a wire, and set into their places on one of the sheets, after being put on a block and pasted. Paste imparts to the wood-work adhesiveness, and the other piece of paper is stuck on. The fan is folded and opened a few times to get it into proper shape. No paper but the tough Japanese answers the purpose well, the handling being rough and frequent. The native paper is said to have greatly deteriorated. In Japan, as here, the demand is rather for cheap than high-class work. When the insides are dry, riveting takes place, and a touch of varnish gives the fan its finishing stroke.